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on the 10th of this company
The annual meeting of this company
will be held at the Essex County
Hotel, Newark, N. J., on Monday, Jan. 14,
1902, at 10 o'clock A. M. The business
of the company will be transacted at
this time.

A Fiddling Ghost.

By WILLIAM LIGHTFOOT VISSCHER.

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"This is an unexpected pleasure,"
Sarcasm that was withering hissed
in its heat between the teeth of Paul
Mitchell.

He was known to be a dangerous
man, albeit of good family and edu-
cation. It would have been expected
that he would slay any man that came
between him and his pride, but he
turned and went away.

"I give you to each other. You'll
punish yourself enough." And he was
gone.

Irene Raglan was a poor girl, work-
ing in a candy shop, when Mitchell
met and loved her. They were mar-
ried and their home was a lovely nook.
Mitchell was kindness, consideration,
affection personified to the pretty
girl, and his sisters were jolly and
sweet with her.

But Irene was vain, frivolous, cheap.
Love never sees such things until it
is too late. A former admirer—Tom
Pointer, of her own class, won her
away from duty—loyalty. Paul Mitch-
ell happened on a scene between them
—a love scene—and he went away,
dashed out upon the sea of a ruined
life, tossed about upon the wreck of
his happiness.

Then he made a raft of his broken
heart.

In every camp, from Cheyenne to
Fraser river, 30 years ago, Bill Brand-
eth was known. He was not a "bad
man." On the contrary, an exceed-
ingly jolly one. But was eminently
capable of taking care of himself, un-
der even the most pressing circum-
stances.

Bill was unusually fond of draw-
poker. He also played the fiddle. The
fiddle was pastime. Poker was busi-
ness, and Bill's well-known dislike
of any trickery in the pursuit made it a
serious matter for anyone engaged
with him at it to indulge in any "con-
nubial" as he was pleased to term
the extraneously helpful process.

One day Bill Brandeth disappeared
from Concoconnally, and the places that
had known him knew him no more
forever.

On the shores of Lake Cheilan there
was a picturesque cabin, surrounded
by evidences of small-farming pros-
perity. Inside, evidences of culture—
books, pictures and other literary and
artistic adjuncts. A hale old man with
a great shock of white hair and a long,
silver beard, comfortably dressed in
the part-garb of ranchman and miner,
met us in a breezy, good-humored and
broad-mannered way, extending to us
the hospitable of his home. "If you
can put up with my shack and my
style," he said.

"Looked around and wondered where
your name in. I learned later on.

The guide had told us, before we
reached the ranch, of this semi-hermit,
whose nearest neighbor lived 20 miles
away.

"He's old Bill Brandeth," the guide
had said, "but he swears 'at Bill's dead."
An' it won't do to doubt him on that
point, nuther," he sententiously added.

"You can stay all summer, and all
winter, too, as to the matter of that,
if you can put up with our style, and
I reckon you can," the old man con-
tinued. "A mile or two from here you
can shoot elk, the lake's full of fish,
and you can hunt bear, if you are so
minded, and find 'em, too. I don't
ever do that, because I haven't lost
any bear."

He took us about his little ranch,
and it was one of the most picturesque
spots imaginable. Southeast lay the
clear, blue and dimpling waters of the
lake. To the northwest were visible
snow-capped peaks of the Cascades.
Immediately about us were undulating
prairies, northward stood a fa-
cade of the mighty and primeval forest.

There were about 20 acres in the
ranch, and he could have had a thou-
sand, or more. But with pride the old
man showed us what he raised in grain,
fruit and vegetables, wheat, oats, po-
tatoes, cabbages, beets, melons, ap-
ples, plums, apricots, and all such
stuff. In astonishing perfection and
prowess. His live stock and poultry
were fat and healthy, and evident-
ly as happy as he, and he took delight
in showing all this to us. Near to the
cabin, at its left front, lay the object
that proved to be the most interesting
thing associated with this strange old
man, who on all other subjects seemed
to be, not only perfectly sane, but
possessed of more than ordinary intel-
ligence.

The object was to all appearance a
grave. It was a mound of that shape,
walled about its base with carefully
selected stones and minerals, quartz,
onyx, pyrites, galena and silver ores.
A great and bloom-bent rosebud stood
at the foot, while over the headboard
clambered a luxuriant ivy vine. In-
side the walling was a strip of grass
all the way around, and inside of that,
covering the top of the grave, grew
a mass of many colored and aston-
ishing pansies. Upon the headboard,
which was a thick cedar slab, that had
been carefully made, and polished on
the front surface, these words were
carved:

Sacred to the Memory of
WILLIAM BRANDETH
(Better Known as Bill)
Who Went Over the Range
October 20, 1899.

"There lays poor Bill," the old man
said, as he drew near to the spot. "He
was a good fellow, but—" shaking
his grizzled old head—"I'll tell you
more about him some other
time."

During the afternoon
him about
tenting
brought

allusions at
New Year Greeting.
Heard, ready New Year's cheerful sound,
der" refinement, meetings pass it round,
ly mingled with the God who pains above,
ment of western and living care and love,
"chinkook" jargon and a waking dream,
lish.

The old man and the school are over a
supper for us, in a life of the harbor,
at the right of the harbor, after which,
site to "Bill's" as he had begun to
as the chill of the night, the largest
come on, we repared to the cabin, where
before a blaze of the bark, in a huge
fireplace, the old man was led to talk
of "Bill."

On some rows of shelves, at the
side of the fireplace, there were a
number of books, among them Taine's
"English Literature," Plutarch's
"Lives," "Josephus," translations of
the "Odyssey," and the "Iliad," Moore's
"Lalla Rookh," Scott's "Marmion,"
Hugo's "Les Misérables," and a num-
ber of Fielding's, Smollett's, Thacker-
ay's, Dickens and Bulwer's novels,
with other, and later, popular litera-
ture. Nearly all of these had the name
of William Brandeth written in them.

"Bill left the books to me—most of
them," the old man explained, and that
started him talking of "Bill," general-
ly, which was exactly what we desired.

"Bill was a good fellow," he repeat-
ed, "but he had his faults. They
weren't such powerful bad faults gen-
erally, but they kep' him back a heap.
And he kep' me back. Him an' me were
partners and he was monstrous good
company. You never heard such a
talker as he was. People would sit
around and listen to that man's tum-
tum from rosy morn till dewy eve,
and later. Bill was a powerful able-
bodied liar, too. I've counted up on
him and found out that, taking the
number of years that he had been in
China, Spain, Mexico, and what not,
that man was 298 years old before he
was 45. He'd done everything you
could think of, and he'd made you be-
lieve he was the author of a brand of
pills, if he'd ever set in to do it."

"The way Bill Brandeth could play
the fiddle was a caution. He left his
fiddle to me, and I sorter took up play-
in' it after he went over the range."

By this time my companion had
reached the violin and handed it to the
old man, who, without any mock mod-
esty, took it and tuned it as he
talked.

"I'm getting along to'ard the end of
the trip myself," he said, "and my fin-
gers ain't as supple as they used to
be. Besides, I'm not up in any late mu-
sic, but I'll give you the best we've got
in the shop. Bill says it's about as
good, and he knows, for Bill's great
comes and sets around here with
a heap. Still I don't believe in ghosts,
generally—mind you. Bill's ghost is
the only one I allow to come loafin'
around where I am. I couldn't take to
any strange ghost."

By this time the old man had the in-
strument in perfect tune, and he
struck from it, with graceful and ap-
proaching execution, music from our
time opera, such as the charming
time opera, "The Bohemian Girl," the
songs in "Don Pasquale," and
enacted from "Il Trovatore,"
touching strains from "Il Trovatore,"
together with snatches from the popu-
lar songs of ten, fifteen and twenty
years before. Sometimes his eyes
would dance with merriment, when the
music was that way, and then they
would fill with tears when it was ten-
der and pathetic.

Laying aside the instrument, at last,
he said: "Bill could play better than
that, but I don't think he enjoyed it any
better than I do."

"Bill did lots of wild things. But he
did lots of good things, too," the old
man went on. "However, he didn't
like to have anything much said about
his better ways, so I won't mention
'em, for I know he'd upbraid me about
it the next time he comes around."

"Bill had been to'able drunk in every
whop-up-and-boom, from the time
Westport Landin' climbed up the banks
of the Missouri river and called herself
Kansas City, through the Comstock
and Ploche, back to Leadville and down
the Gunnison, all over, everywhere, in
the mountains and on the coast, till
finally him and me brought up at Con-
coconnally, up here in the Okanogan."

"As usual, Bill was fiddlin', singin',
tellin' stories, playin' cards, givin' his
money—well, never mind that—having
a good time, till one day there a fel-
low—a pretty good fellow, at that, but
low—a pretty good fellow, at that, but
over full—called Bill a name that the
Kaintucky statutes make it a breach of
the peace to call a man, and they locked
him up. When the cleaning up came
horns. The cleaning up came horns.
Bill was all right, but the other fellow
had quit. Then I brought Bill over
here, and we settled down on this
ranch. We hadn't been here long be-
fore Bill—poor old Bill Brandeth—de-
cided to climb the golden stair. I laid
him out yonder and he's rested there
quiet enough ever since, exceptin' that
he comes in here and sets up with me,
sociable to a fraction, and generally of
nights, and we talk and play the fiddle.
Pretty nigh every time Bill gets hold of
the fiddle he plays that kind of music
that folks call 'quick and dev'lish,' but
if anybody happens along he scots."

"I hated to see old Bill go over the
range, but it was the best thing that
could have happened to both of us, for
I just naturally followed him about till
I was no good for anything. Ever since
we've been over here we've been doing
pretty well. I tend his grave closer
than I do most anything else, and some
day I'll go in there with him, I reckon."

Among the old man's books was a
Latin Reader—a school book—and on
one of the fly leaves, brown with age,
were the almost faded words: "Paul
Mitchell, His Book." This was the old
man's real name. He had taken it back
now. And he had buried his former
self as poor, old, wild Bill Brandeth.

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The Rev. C. F. WELLS, of Villa Ridge,
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I despaired of ever being cured. I saw your
advertisement for the cure of this dreadful
and tormenting disease, Asthma, and
thought you had overspoken yourselves,
but resolved to give it a trial. To my as-
tonishment, the trial acted like a charm.
Send me a full-sized bottle."

Rev. Dr. Morris Wechsler,
Rabbi of the Cong. Bnai Israel,
New York, Jan. 3, 1901.

DR. TAFT BROS. MEDICINE CO.
Gentlemen: Your Asthmalene is an ex-
cellent remedy for Asthma and Hay Fever,
and its composition alleviates all troubles
which combine with Asthma. Its success
is astonishing and wonderful.

AVON SPRINGS, N. Y., Feb. 1, 1901.

DR. TAFT BROS. MEDICINE CO.
Gentlemen: I write this testimonial from a sense of duty, having tested the
wonderful effect of your Asthmalene, for the cure of Asthma. My wife has been
afflicted with spasmodic asthma for the past 12 years. Having exhausted my own
skill as well as many others, I chanced to see your sign upon your windows on
130th street, New York. I at once obtained a bottle of Asthmalene. My wife com-
menced taking it about the first of November. I very soon noticed a radical im-
provement. After using one bottle her Asthma has disappeared and she is entirely
free from all symptoms. I feel that I can consistently recommend the medicine to
all who are afflicted with this distressing disease.

Yours respectfully,
O. D. PHELPS, M. D.

DR. TAFT BROS. MEDICINE CO.
Gentlemen: I was troubled with Asthma for 22 years. I have tried numerous
remedies, but they have all failed. I ran across your advertisement and started
with a trial bottle. I found relief at once. I have since purchased your full-sized
bottle, and I am ever grateful. I have a family of four children, and for six years
was unable to work. I am now in the best of health and am doing business every
day. This testimony you can make such use of as you see fit.
Home address, 235 Rivington street.
57 East 129th st., New York City.

Trial Bottle Sent Absolutely Free on Receipt of Postal.

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79 East 130th street, N. Y. City.

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